THE CRISIS

A RECORD OF THE DARKER RACES

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Arabian Cousins of Ours.

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THE FEBRUARY CRISIS

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THE CRISIS

Vol. 29 No. 3 JANUARY, 1925 Whole No. 171

Opinion of W.E.B. Du Bois

DEBIT AND CREDIT

The American Negro in Account With the Year of Grace 1924:

DEBIT	CREDIT
1. Segregation in Washington	1. Tuskegee Hospital
2. Haiti	2. Dyer Bill and Lynching
3. Sterling Discrimination Bill	3. Roland Hayes
4. Ku Klux Klan	4. Third Pan-African Congress
5. Slemp	5. Arkansas
6. McKenzie at Fisk	6. Houston Martyrs
7. "Nordic" propaganda	7. 675 Negro Bachelors in Arts
	8. Olympic Victors
	9. Wells and Columbia
	10. "All God's Chillun"
	11. Special Envoy to Liberia
	12. DuBois Dinner
	13. Amy Spingarn Prizes
	14. Race Conferences
	15. Inez Milholland Memorial
	16. Virgin Islands
	17. Judge George
	18. Senator Roberts
	19. Florence Mills
	20. Harry Wills
	21. "There is Confusion", "The Fire in the Flint", "Southern Oligarchy", "Gift of Black Folk".

If the allusions puzzle you, write to us.

THE POLITICIAN'S PRICE

THE N.A.A.C.P.

WHAT the N. A. A. C. P. has stood for and will stand for is the independence of the intelligent Negro vote. We propose that black Americans shall be the bond-servants of no party and that no set of politicians shall ever be able to deliver our vote signed and sealed to any party in return for bribes and jobs for themselves.

In the exercise of this independence members and officers of this organization may differ and do differ as to where their votes will do the most good in any particular election. In the last election our officers and members voted the Republican ticket, the Democratic ticket, the Progressive ticket and split tickets of all sorts; but in every case the object of their voting, so far as they stood by the principles which have been laid down by the organization, was to sell their votes not for petty political jobs but for the freedom of the Negro race.

THE ANVIL CHORUS

CURIOUSLY enough, the black politicians, after getting their arms elbow deep into the slush fund, regard the Republican triumph as their personal triumph and there has risen recently an extraordinary chorus which gives food for thought. There is, for instance, Mr. Benjamin Davis of Georgia whose transparent honesty in the handling of other people's funds has often called forth enthusiastic and even profane remarks from those who know him best. Mr. Davis intimates that since the funds of the N. A. A. C. P. have been "misappropriated" in this campaign, he could handle them better himself. There is Mr. Perry Howard who not only sought to scuttle the Dyer Bill in secret but later tried to get the headship of the Tuskegee Hospital by promising faithfully to run it as white Southerners wanted it run. There is Henry Lincoln Johnson who has usually out-guessed the white politicians but who in this campaign was betrayed into attacking Negro education because some educated Negroes bolted Coolidge. And finally there is Mr. Robert Vann of the Pittsburgh *Courier* who is under the singular impression that he did something remarkable in this campaign (just what we have been unable to learn) and who has since been coyly bowing and assuring a somewhat unenthusiastic audience that if urged he would be quite willing to lead the Negro race. And lead it where? we ask.

THE CAT IS OUT OF THE BAG

THE Cat, purring and licking its whiskers, emerges from the Political Bag, looking slightly self-conscious. It presents a series of 17 demands signed by a well-known statesman. Twelve of these demands boiled down are as follows:

$ 12 Job$ {
- in the Diplomatic Corps
- in the State Department
- on the Civil Service Commission
- in the Post Office Department
- in the Registry of the Treasury
- in the Attorney General's Office
- in the Railroad Board of Review
- in the Farm Credits Bureau
- in the Department of Commerce
- in the Veterans' Bureau
- in the Education Department
- in any place where a woman can serve

This is, of course, the old way. It is the only conception of politics which the professional politician has. In the last few campaigns we got away from this murky mess to higher and more solid ground. But here we are back again.

Well, shamelessly and with brazen effrontery we rise to remark that we do not care a continental damn whether these politicians get their jobs or not. We are not interested. There was a time when we took an innocent and childish delight in seeing a colored man's signature on a dollar bill. We have no doubt but that many Negroes could be found who would know as much about diplomacy, civil service, the mail, the law, railroads and education as the present white incumbents. Indeed, it would be hard to know less than some of these.

But what we want is not appointments but absence of color discrimination in appointment. We do not want men appointed because they are black or because they are white or because they are sea-green—but because they are men and know how to do their work as well as or better than anybody else; and because in character they are brave and independent and not crawling lick-spittles ready to sell soul and body for a dollar.

What guarantee is there that the Consolidated Republican Politicians will accomplish anything even in their meagre program? Will appointments to office abolish segregation? Can a group which no insult or neglect can drive out of a party "demand" reward? Only in case *some* voters are independent enough to bolt. If black Republicans get any consideration at all from the next administration, they have to thank the unbending attitude of the N. A. A. C. P. And if they were wise in their generation they would privately beg us to "Keep it up".

No, not offices, but principles; not jobs, but men; not "suitable cognizance" of lynching, but the abolition of the dastardly crime by Federal force. We plead guilty to Mr. Vann here, now and forever, of "running away" from the mob of political pie-hunters and of saying to the Republican Party, the Democratic Party and the Progressive Party as we said in Philadelphia in May (and Dr. George B. Cannon was a member of the committee who said it):

"Any political party which aims to attract the votes of Negroes today must first convince them of its determination and ability to forward their industrial and political and social emancipation."

A CANDIDATE FOR CONGRESS

THE case of Dr. Charles Roberts, candidate for Congress in the twenty-first Congressional district of New York, is informing. Dr. Roberts is a citizen of unblemished character and an excellent dentist. He was nominated by the white politicians to stop the clamor of their Negro leaders and from the very first he was marked for defeat. The whites were certain of this because recently Dr. Roberts had been defeated for alderman by a colored Democratic candidate, and because the larger Congressional district in which Dr. Roberts ran is obviously gerrymandered, with a concentrated minority of black voters at one end and a widely scattered majority of white voters at the other. White politicians counted on lukewarm Negro support and very slight white support. Nevertheless, the Negroes in their part of the district, while giving a majority to the Democratic state ticket, rolled up an impressive total for Roberts; and in the whole district the whites defeated him by only 7000 majority in a total vote of 82,000.

What Dr. Roberts ought to have done was to have gone after this white vote. The white vote had the majority and he knew it but he did almost nothing. The N. A. A. C. P. sought to obtain from him some expression of opinion on the issues of the campaign so that something could be presented to the electors besides the fact that his grandfather was black. Dr. Roberts laid this matter before his political leaders. They consulted for two long weeks and finally decided that any support or appearance of support from the N. A. A. C. P. would be unwise. Under these circumstances, the only thing that THE CRISIS could do was to publish Dr. Roberts' picture and to vote for him, which the editor did; and then, as Dr. Roberts himself confesses, the white leaders turned and knifed him; while the black leaders now blame the N. A. A. C. P. for his defeat! Can you beat it?

LEADERSHIP

NOW that the Republicans triumphed by the help of a million black votes, what do the black folk ask for as reward? Not jobs, but freedom; not hush money, but recognized manhood; not the giving up of agitation, but the chance for more intelligent and effective agitation for real democracy in America. The Associated Pie-Hunters have sadly misinterpreted

the temper of black America if they think the object of our vote last November was to put a few spineless puppets in office. No! No matter how we voted we voted for freedom. And Freedom we'll have yet, by the Great Jehovah! We respect the judgment of those who still await freedom from the present Republican party. They may be right; but the truckling venal politician who sells his birthright for petty office is always and forever wrong and we stand here to say it and say it again. And if these politicians are the ones who set themselves up to lead us to hell instead of upward and onward by the long, hard, difficult but straight path which the N. A. A. C. P. has for fifteen years pointed out and traveled with a success that no sane man, white or black, has ever challenged—if black America must choose between these two groups, let them choose and we cheerfully abide the decision.

THE STERLING DISCRIMINATION BILL

THE business manager of the Houston, Texas, school system has just published the following figures:

	White	*Negro*	*Per cent Negro*
Total Population —1920	104,316	33,960	24.6
Value of School Grounds	$2,398,000	$154,500	6
Value of School Buildings	5,044,000	457,000	8.3
Value of Furniture & Fixtures	827,500	55,000	6.2
Total Valuation..	8,269,500	666,500	7.4

The proposed Sterling Discrimination Bill fathered by the National Education Association before Congress proposes to make the above discrimination legal with United States funds.

DOWN AT THE FEET OF THE YEARS

BESSIE BRENT MADISON

DOWN at the feet of the years we shall find them
All of the dear vanished things,
All of the dreamings that never came true,
All that "might have been" for me and for you.

Find our dead flowers fragrant with dew,
Growing by life-giving springs.

Down at the feet of the years we shall find them
Tenderly hidden away,
Wee little laddies that never were men,
Wee little lassies that never knew sin.

Down at the feet of the years we shall find them
Jewels that once were our tears.
Find all our losses were infinite gain,

Mysteries too deep for our dull, human ken,
Kept for a happier day.

Find perfect joy that we once thought was pain.
Praise in abundance that once seemed as blame,
Down at the feet of the years.

"YARROW REVISITED"

JESSIE FAUSET

THIS is not the Paris of my student days nor even the Paris of the second Pan-African Congress held three years ago. I seem to glimpse in the memories of those visits an enchanted city of gay streets, blue skies, of romantically historic monuments, a playground, a court of justice of the world. Every one was possessed of a fine courtesy; attendants were kind and generous, though even then a little too conscious, for an American, of the possibility of tips; there was a delicious sense of *laisser-aller*.

Perhaps the difference lies in the season. I have never been here before so late in the year. One speaks of France and its golden weather as though that condition were perpetual. It is only October but the skies are drab, the days are grey and every twenty-four hours rain falls, steady, penetrating, soaking. The boulevards are still full, even crowded, but with Frenchmen now, not tourists; one meets with as much courtesy here, no more, no less, than anywhere else. In brief, life in Paris is life the civilized world over. But there is one exception.

I am glad to have had those golden memories of former visits. Yet I am glad to be here now in this workaday season. "Life as she is—" that is what I want to know even if it is different to the verge of disappointment from preconceived notions. Truth is best. Yet dreams are fine stuff too. In the last of those three poems of Wordsworth on Yarrow,—Yarrow Unvisited, Visited, Revisited, there are, I remember, these words:

> "The visions of the past
> Sustain the heart in feeling
> Life as she is—"

It is precisely because of those visions that I am eager to know life, French life "as she is".

Just as the weather is by no means always golden and gay, so French living is not always a thing of joy and laughter.

I am not living in the vicinity of the gay, wide boulevards. I lived there three years ago. Nor am I in the "Quartier Latin", the famous student quarter; I spent some months there when I was a student. From both of these former environments my faulty impressions. No this time I am installed high up in a small, quiet hotel on a rather narrow but busy side-street, though still near the "quarter". It is far, far from the *Boulevard des Italiens*. But it is right in the heart of a teeming business and residential section.

I love comfort, I love ease. I do not consider laziness a crime. I hate to move. Yet so determined am I to see "Life as she is" that with as much joy as reluctance have I mapped out this plan:

Two weeks in a cheap pension. (Already over, thank God!)

A month in this small, comfortable hotel. (There is a fire-place in my room.)

A month in a "good" French family.

A month in a first-class pension.

After that such travel as my remaining means and time may permit.

The pension held, as I suspect all cheap boarding houses do, the elements of unspeakable dreariness. It was a large house built inevitably of stone, set romantically, I thought at first, far, far back in a courtyard to which one gained access by one of those thick, slowly moving doors set flush in a stone arch-way. It is this type of architecture, the lack of our projecting steps, the flatness of doors and windows which give me at any rate the effect in certain quarters of Paris of living in a fortified city. Within the house was a broad winding stair-case built beautifully in an open well so that one might stand on the ground floor and glimpse the roof ceiling. It was the only beautiful thing in that house. Within two days I found it was not so "romantic" to live in a courtyard for the sun practically never penetrated the house. Oh that dampness! I, fresh from America with its steam heat and its auxiliary appliances of gas and oil, gas logs and ac-

cessible fireplaces, could understand Esau's quittance of his birthright for a mess of pottage. I'd have handed over the birthrights of all my friends and relations for an ordinary gas heater with fixtures.

Incidentally I do not "get" the French attitude toward this matter of heating. Of course for a few extra daily cents I was able to get thawed out in the pension. They made a fire in my room of *"charbons"*—a sort of charcoal nugget of a beautiful oval shape. But they made it with surprise. "No one has a fire yet, Mademoiselle". The hotels advertise *chauffage centrale* (central heating) but of my dozen acquaintances who live in hotels only one bears testimony to the turning on of that heat. And that, she declares, produces an effect more by auto-suggestion than by actual warmth. A clever American who has lived in Paris for several years tells me that hotel-keepers say: "Oh yes we have central heating but of course the heat is not turned on yet because the winter hasn't really come". This sort of thing keeps up till the middle of January when the refrain changes to: "Well it isn't worth while turning it on now for it will soon be spring!" I think there is something to this story for when I came to this hotel my first inquiries were with regard to heat. The manager said "naturally the heat is not turned on yet". The garcon, Albert, expressed some surprise at my desire for a fire in my room and explained as he made it that the heat would be turned on tomorrow. A week later, the maid, in response to a searching inquiry, declared that the heat would be turned on soon. "Tomorrow?" I asked with an interest purely academic for my wood-fire was merrily blazing. "Oh, no not tomorrow", she rejoined aghast at the thought of setting so close a date, "but certainly within a few days".

In the pension a line from a melancholy hymn of my Presbyterian childhood comes back to me: "Change and decay in all around I see". The dining-room was negligible with a sort of shabby comfort. But the salon spoke of the decayed grandeur of other days. It was white and gold; a soiled white and a cracked and faded gold. There were many tapestried chairs reduced to a monotone of dinginess and innumerable knic-knacs and bibelots such as I have not seen since in that same childhood I visited the homes of various great-aunts. And about the boarders there was this same air of dessication. An old, old lady, a widow I judged from her deep black and her son of perhaps 55; another old lady, once the matron I should say of some frightfully corrective institution, erect and with a terrible, raucous voice; four or five depressed young men, bookkeepers, clerks, hopelessly nondescript. The food was nondescript too.

Life in the pension is not French life only; it is life everywhere in similar environment. Only I had not thought of finding it in France.

Rue de Sèvres which leads from the Boulevard Montparnasse, where my friends live, to my street is an impressively busy place. There are all sorts of businesses here jumbled close side by side, delicatessens, bakeries, milliners' establishments, hardware stores, jewelers, photographers, a cutlery. Out of the apparent confusion rises gradually some appreciation of the unexpectedly hard common sense of the French which says: "One has to have all these things in order to live; why not have them all close at hand?" One would never have to walk a mile for a camel here either a literal or a figurative one. If French people elected to use camels they would be found, I am quite sure, along Rue de Sèvres tethered a bit too near perhaps to the exposed cheeses and the cuts of meat. It is this decidedly logical hard matter-of-factness which is, I am beginning to think, the Frenchiest quality about the French. One sees it cropping out in all sorts of ways. This is the sort of thing which is at once back of the spectacle of the irreproachably dressed householder emerging from the bakery with a large half loaf of bread tucked unwrapped under his arm and that other different spectacle of the exposure of the human form upon the French stage to a degree totally unparalleled by any theatre in America. "Life", says the Frenchman without cynicism, "is bread and is also shining flesh. Why bother to wrap up the one or to disguise the other?"

Such busy people! Gone in this section of the city at least is that illusion of Paris the play-ground of the world. I have never seen people work so hard in my life, nor

with such seriousness. It is true that they lose the time from twelve or twelve-thirty until two every day. Small shops close; the manicurist with a glance at her clock cannot do your hands now for see "it will take forty-five minutes at least. It is half-past eleven now and I close at twelve. Some other time perhaps mademoiselle?" But the remaining hours! Suzanne, the maid at the pension, eyes my trunk dubiously. "I am not sure that I can carry it up, Mademoiselle; I may have to call the concierge"! Albert in the hotel carries terrible trunks, loads and loads of heavy, heavy linen, huge baskets of wood,—all day, all day he trudges up and down, apparently never thinking of using the elevator. His aspect is not the least bit servile yet I do not remember seeing any one so consciously a servant. Or perhaps his heavy air is due to a dull inner wonderment. "Was it for this I crouched day and night in the trenches?" I have heard Dr. DuBois speak many times of that something in colored Americans which simply will not let them work too long or too hard. That has been God's greatest gift.

Yet there is something about Paris. In the beginning I said that life in Paris is the same as life the civilized world over but that there was one excepton. In Paris I find myself more American than I ever feel in America. I am more conscious of national characteristics than I have ever been in New York. When I say: "We do that differently in America," I do not mean that *we* do that differently in Harlem, or on "You" Street in Washington, or on Christian Street in Philadelphia. I mean that Americans white and black do not act that way. And I recall now as I write that practically all the public buildings here bear on them the legend: "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité". I was busy at lunch-time today and so missed my dejeuner. I shall go out presently and have tea and *I shall have it at the first tea room which takes my fancy.* This is also something to be considered in reviewing French "life as she is".

ROLAND HAYES

EDWARD DAVID CAFFEE

NO shoulder shrugs of caste uncouth
May ever shake the balanced weights of Truth!
Nor Genius dare forsake the Goal in sight,
Though far beyond his upward-straining flight.
He's coaxed and caught the pathos of all songs,
And then marched forth to halt and vanquish wrongs.

Stirring within him raged that restless urge
Which goaded him like lashes of a scourge.
His Soul, its own preened pinions spread to go
Forth, wing-to-wing, somewhere, Gods only know!
Quit the savannahs of his Georgia State,
Freed from the bars and trammels of his Fate.
From stark misfortunes of this white-damned land,
Kind Providence has led him by the hand,
Where, cross the crownlands of both Queen and King,
His voice has made the heavenly arches ring.
Sky-called he rushed into the Hall of Time,

The gifted Master of a purer prime.
Upon Fame's Scroll of laudable careers,
The Black Swain ranks, in deeds, above all peers.

Rising, he sings the higher staves and bars,
His music sheet the unstained page of stars.
The plaintive Negro melodies wind-whirled,
The sum of all the sorrows of the world,
Between the utmost poles of Life and Death,
He juggles them upon his lyric breath.

THE MARKED TREE

In Two Parts—Part II

CHARLES W. CHESNUTT

The story is told by an old colored man, Julius, to the author who is planning to buy the Spencer place in North Carolina for his Ohio cousin:

An ancient oak stands before the Big House, which the master, Alex Spencer, in after years called the "upas tree". His oldest son has just been married to Mamie Imboden, whom Ben Dudley had also courted; and to pay the expense Isham, the son of black Phillis, was sold. Isham staggers home the night of the wedding wounded and bleeding and dies in his mother's arms. Phillis lays the body out and starts up to the Big House where the celebration has been going on.

When she drawed nigh, de visituhs wuz gittin' ready tuh go. De servants wuz bringin' de hosses an' buggies an' ca'iges roun', de white folks wuz laffin' an gwine on an' sayin' good-bye. An' whils' Phillis wuz standin' back behin' a bunch er rose-bushes in de yahd, listenin' an' waitin', ole Marse Aleck come out'n de house wid de young couple an' stood unduh de ole fambly tree. He had a glass er wine in his han', an' a lot er de yuthers follered:

"Frien's," says he, "drink a toas' wid me tuh my son an' his lady, hyuh under dis ole tree. May it last anudder hund'ed yeahs, an' den anudder, an' may it fetch good luck tuh my son an' his wife, an' tuh deir child'en an' deir child'en's child'en."

De toas' wuz drunk, de gues's depahted; de slaves went back tuh de quahtuhs, an' Phillis went home tuh huh dead boy.

But befo' she went, she *marked de Spencer tree!*

Young Marse Johnny an' his wife got 'long mighty well fuh de fust six mont's er so, an' den trouble commence' betwix' 'em. Dey wus at a pahty one night, an' young Marse Johnny seen young Marse Ben Dudley talking in a cawnuh wid Miss Mamie. Marse Johnny wuz mighty jealous-natu'ed, an did n' like dis at all. Endoyin' de same evenin' he overheard somebody say that Miss Mamie had th'owed Marse Ben ovuh beca'se he was po' an' married Marse Johnny beca'se he wuz rich. Marse Johnny did n' say nothin', but he kep' studyin' an studyin' 'bout dese things. An' it did n' do him no good to let his min' run on 'em.

Marse Ben Dudley kep' on gwine from bad ter wuss, an' one day Marse Johnny foun' a letter from Marse Ben in his wife's bureau drawer.

"You used ter love me" says Marse Ben in dis hyuh letter—"you know you did, and you love me yit—I know you does. I am in trouble. A few hun'ed dollahs'll he'p me out. Youer totin' mo' d'n dat 'roun' on yo' pretty little fingers. Git the money fuh me—it'll save my honor an' my life. I swear

I'll pay it back right soon."

Den' all Marse Johnny's jealousy b'iled up at once, an' he seed eve'ything red. He went straight to Miss Mamie an' shuck de lettuh in her face an' 'cused her er gwine on wid Marse Ben. Co'se she denied it. Den he ax' huh what had become er huh di'mon' 'gagement ring dat he had give huh befo' dey wuz ma'ied.

Miss Mamie look' at huh han' an' turn' white as chalk, fer de ring wa'n't dere.

"I tuck it off las' night, when I went tuh bed, an' lef' it on de bureau, an' I fuhgot tuh put it on dis mawnin".

But when she look' fer it on de bureau it wuz gone. Marse Johnny swo' she had give' it tuh Marse Ben, an' she denied it tuh de las'. He showed her de letter. She said she had n' answered it, an' had n't meant to answer it, but had meant to bu'n it up. One word led to another. Dere wuz a bitter quarrel, an' Marse Johnny swo' he'd never speak to his wife ag'in 'tel de di'mond ring wuz foun'. And he did n'.

Ole Marse Aleck wuz 'way from home dat winter, to congress or de legislator, or somewhar, an' Marse Johnny wuz de boss er de plantation whils' he wuz gone. He wuz busy all day, on de plantation, or in his office, er in town. He tuck moster his meals by hisself, an' when he et wid Miss Mamie he manage' so as nevuh to say nothin'. Ef she spoke, he purten' not to hear her, an' so she did n' try mo' d'n once er twice. Othe'wise, he alluz treated her like a lady —'bout a mile erway.

Miss Mamie tuck it mighty ha'd. Fuh she was tenduh as well as proud. She jus' 'moped an' pined erway. One day in de springtime, when Marse Johnny wuz in town all day, she wuz tuck ill sudden, an' her baby wuz bawn, long befo' its time. De same day one er de little black child'en clum up in de ole Spencer tree an' fetch' down a jaybird's nes', an' in de nes' dey foun' Miss Mamie's ring, whar de jaybird had stole it an' hid it. When Marse Johnny come home dat night he found his wife an' his chile bofe dead, an' de ring on Miss Mamie's finger.

Well, suh, you nevuh seed a man go on like Marse Johnny did; an' folks said dat ef he could 'a' foun' Marse Ben Dudley he sho' would a' shot 'im; but lucky fer Marse Ben he had gone away. Aftuh de fune'al, Marse Johnny shet hisse'f up in his room fer two er three days; an' as soon as Marse Aleck come home, Marse Johnny j'ind de ahmy an' went an' fit in de Mexican Wah an' wuz shot an' kill'.

Ole Marse Aleck wuz so' distress' by dese yer troubles, an' grieve' migh'ly over de loss er his fus' bawn son. But he got ovuh it after a while. Dere wuz still Marse Henry an Marse Tom, bofe un' 'em good big boys, ter keep up de name, an' Miss Alice an' Miss Flora who wuz bofe ma'ied an' had child'en, ter see dat de blood did n' die out. An' in spite er dis hyuh thievin' jaybird, nobody 'lowed dat de ole tree had anything ter do wid Marse Johnny's troubles, fer 'co'se nobody but Phillis knowed dat it had evuh been mark'.

But dis wuz only de beginnin'.

Next year, in the spring, Miss Alice, Marse Aleck's oldes' daughter, wuz visitin' the fambly wid her nuss an' chile—she had ma'ied sev'al yeahs befo' Marse Johnny—an'

one day de nuss wuz settin' out in de yahd, wid de chile, under de ole tree, when a big pizen spider let hisse'f down from a lim' when de nuss wa'n't lookin', an' stung the chile. The chile swoll up, an' dey sent fer de doctuh, but de doctuh could n' do nothin', an' the baby died in spasms dat same night, an' de mammy went inter a decline fum grief an' died er consumption insid' er six mont's.

Of co'se de tree wuz watched close fer spiders aftah dis, but none er de white folks thought er blamin' de tree—a spider mought 'a' come from de ceiling' er from any other tree; it wuz jes' one er dem things dat could n' be he'ped. But de servants commence' ter whisper 'mongs' deyse'ves dat de tree wuz conju'ed an' dere'd be still mo' trouble from it.

It wa'n't long coming. One day young

Marse Henry, de nex' boy ter Marse Johnny, went fishin' in de ribber, wid one er de naber boys, an' he clumb out too fah on a log, an' tip' de log up, an' fell in de ribber an' got drownded. Nobody could see how de ole tree wuz mix' up wid little Marse Henry's drowndin', 'tel one er de house servants 'membered he had seed de boys diggin' bait in de shade er de ole tree. An' whils' they did n' say nothin' ter de white folks, leas'ways not jes' den, dey kep' it in min' an' waited tuh see what e'se would happen. Dey did n' know den dat Phillis had mark' de tree, but dey mo' den half s'picioned it.

Sho' 'nuff, one day de next' fall, Mis' Flora, Marse Aleck's secon' daughter, who wuz ma'ied an' had a husban', come home to visit her folks. An' one day whils' she wuz out walkin' wid her little boy, a sto'm come up, an' it stahted ter rain, an' dey did n' hab no umbreller, an' wuz runnin' ter de house, when jes' as dey got under de ole tree, de lightnin' struck it, broke a limb off'n de top, skun a little strip off'n de side all de way down, an' jump off an' hit Mis' Flora an' de boy, an' killt 'em bofe on de spot—dey didn't have time ter draw anudder bref.

Still de white folks did n' see nuthin wrong wid de tree. But by dis time de cullud folks all knowed de tree had be'en conju'd One un 'em said somethin' 'bout it one day ter old Marse Aleck, but he tol' 'em ter go 'long wid deir foolishness; dat it wuz de will er God; dat de lightnin' mought's well 'a' struck any yuther tree dey'd be'en under as dat one; an' dat dere would n' be no danger in de future, fer lightnin' nebber struck twice in de same place nohow.

It wus 'bout a yeah after dat befo' anything mo' happen', an' de cullud folks 'lowed dat mo' likely dey had be'n mistaken an' dat maybe de tree had n' be'n mark', er e'se de goopher wuz all wo' off, when one day little Marse Tom, de only boy dat wuz lef', wuz ridin' a new hoss Marse Aleck had give 'm, when a rabbit jump 'cross de road in front er him, an' skeered dis hyuh young hoss, an' de hoss run away an' thowed little Marse Tom up 'gins' de ole Spencer tree, an' bu'st his head in an' killt 'im.

Marse Aleck wuz 'mos' heartbroken, fer Marse Tom wuz do only son he had lef'; dere wa'n't none er his child'en lef' now but Miss Alice, whose husban' had died, an' who had come wid her little gal ter lib wid her daddy and mammy.

But dere wuz so much talk 'bout de ole tree 'tel it fin'lly got ter ole Miss Katherine's yeahs, an' she tol' Marse Aleck. He did n' pay no 'tention at fu'st, jes' 'lowed it 'uz all foolishness. But he kep' on hearin' so much of it, dat bimeby he wuz 'bleege' ter listen. An' he fin'lly 'lowed dat whether de tree was conju'd or not, it had never brought nuthin' but bad luck evuh sence Marse Johnny's weddin', an' he made up his min' ter git rid of it, in hopes er changin' de fambly luck.

So one day he ordered a couple er han's ter come up ter de house wid axes an' cut down de ole tree. He tol' 'em jes' how ter chop it, one on one side an' one on de yuther, so's ter make it fall a partic'lar way. He stood off ter one side, wid his head bowed down, 'tel de two cuts had 'mos' met, an' den he tu'ned his eyes away, fer he did n' wanter see de ole tree fall—it had meant so much ter him fer so long. He heared de tree commence crackin', an' he heared de axemen holler, but he did n' know dey wuz hollerin' at him, an' he did n' look round'—he did n't wanter see de ole Spencer tree fall. But stidder fallin' as he had meant it ter, an' as by rights it could n' he'p fallin', it jes' twisted squar' roun' sideways to'ds ole Marse Aleck an' ketched 'im befo' he could look up, an' crushed 'im ter de groun'.

Well, dey buried Marse Aleck down in de fambly buryin'-groun'—you kin see it over at de ole place, not fur from de house; it's all growed up now wid weeds an' briars, an' most er de tombstones is fell down and covered wid green moul'. It wuz already pretty full, an' dere wa'n't much room lef'. After de fune'al, de ole tree wuz cut up inter firewood an' piled up out in de yard.

Ole Miss' Kathun an' her daughter, Mis' Alice, an' Mis' Alice's little gal, went inter mo'nin' an' stayed home all winter.

One col' night de house-boy toted in a big log fum de old Spencer tree, an' put it on de fire, an' when ole Miss' Kathun an' her daughter an' her gran' daughter went to bed, dey lef' de log smoulderin' on de ha'th. An' 'long 'bout midnight, when eve'ybody wuz soun' asleep, dis hyuh log fell out'n de fireplace an' rolled over on de flo' an' sot de house afire an' bu'nt it down ter de groun', wid eve'ybody in it.

Dat, suh, wuz de end er de Spencer fambly. De house wuz nebber rebuil'. De war

come erlong soon after, an' nobody had no money no mo' ter buil' houses. De lan', or what little wuz lef' after de mogages an' de debts wuz paid off, went ter dis hyuh young gentleman, Mistuh Brownlow, down to Lumberton, who wuz some kinder fo'ty-secon' cousin er nuther, an' I reckon he'd be only too glad ter sell it.

I wrote to young Mr. Brownlow, suggesting an appointment for an interview. He replied that he would call on me the following week, at an hour stated, if he did not hear from me beforehand that some other time would be more convenient.

I awaited him at the appointed house. He came in the morning and stayed to luncheon. He was willing to sell the old place and we agreed upon a price at which it was to be offered to my cousin.

He was a shallow, amiable young fellow, unmarried, and employed as a clerk in a general store. I told him the story of the Spencer oak, as related by old Julius. He laughed lightly.

"I believe the niggers did have some sort of yarn about the family and the old tree," he said, "but of course it was all their silly superstition. They always would believe any kind of foolishness their crazy imaginations could cook up. Well, sir, let me know when you hear from your friend. I reckon I'll drive past the old place on my way home, and take a last look at it, for the sake of the family, for it was a fine old family, and it was a pity the name died out."

An hour later there was an agitated knock at my library door. When I opened it old Julius was standing there in a state of great excitement.

"What is the matter, Julius?"

"It's done gone an' happen', suh, it's done gone an' happen'!"

"What has done gone and happened?"

"De tree, suh, de U-pass tree—de ole Spencer tree."

"Well, what about it?"

"Young Mistuh Brownlow lef' here an' went ovuh tuh de old place, an' sot down on de ole stump, an' a rattlesnake come out'n de holler an' stung 'im, an' killt 'im, suh. He's layin' ovuh dere now, all black in de face and swellin' up fas' ".

I closed my deal for the property through Mr. Brownlow's administrator. My cousin authorized me to have the land cleared off, preparatory to improving it later on. Among other things, I had the stump of the Spencer oak extracted. It was a difficult task even with the aid of explosives, but was finally accomplished without casualty, due perhaps to the care with which I inquired into the pedigree of the workmen, lest perchance among them there might be some stray offshoot of this illustrious but unfortunate family.

EXODUS

EFFIE LEE NEWSOME

Rank fennel and broom
Grow wanly beside
The cottage and room
We once occupied,
But sold for the snows!

The dahoon berry weeps in blood,
I know,
Watched by the crow—
I've seen both grow
In those weird wastes of Dixie!

FIFTY YEARS

D. O. W. HOLMES

DEAN GEORGE W. COOK has just rounded out fifty years of connection with Howard University as student, teacher and officer. This unique record began October 7, 1874, and thus covers a span almost coincident with that of the university itself. As a result of this long relationship with Howard and its people Dean Cook's name is known wherever Howardites live and the influence of Howard is felt.

Mr. Cook, after spending seven years as a student in the preparatory and college departments of the university during which time he was both student and employee, received the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1881, ranking as valedictorian of his class. Immediately upon graduation a teaching position in the university was offered him which he accepted. Thus in 1881 began his long term of service as teacher, inspirer and friend of the thousands who have been fortunate enough to come under his influence. During this period he served his *Alma Mater* as tutor, professor, dean, business manager, secretary-treasurer and acting president. This varied experience has offered abundant opportunity for the display of the many-sidedness of his remarkable personality.

Dean Cook ranks high as a teacher. He has also proven his qualities as an administrator by his successful management of the business of the university and of his own personal affairs. As a citizen he is highly respected and honored. But it is as the true, sympathetic friend of the students that he is most fondly cherished in the hearts of those who know him and consequently love him. To one meeting him for the first time as a teacher he usually gave the impression of being brusque and stern. Many students looked upon Business Manager Cook as a hard and unyielding official. But as the weeks of acquaintance ripened into years all learned to know in this great soul a comforting resort in time of trouble and adversity. Let a student fall into the hands of the law and he instinctively called upon "George Cook" to get him out. And although the unfortunate student was certain of a verbal castigation for getting in

he was just as certain of the wherewithal for getting out.

A striking example of his deep and substantial interest in the students and their activities is found in the history of the development of athletics at Howard University. In the days when no official recognition was accorded this important phase of college life a small group of poverty stricken students devotedly gave themselves to the task of laying the foundation upon which so much glory has been built. In order to promote games with outside teams the most difficult problem was that of financing. No amount of industry, determination and devotion could take the place of actual cash when a guarantee must be paid to a visiting team. But they went right ahead and arranged games, sold tickets, prayed for good weather and borrowed the money from "Uncle George". And thus under his patronage was athletics born and nurtured at Howard University. And thus this man engraves his name upon the hearts of Howardites. Of such is immortality. George Cook can never die.

A Song to a Negro Wash-woman

LANGSTON HUGHES

H, wash-woman,
Arms elbow-deep in white suds,
Soul washed clean,
Clothes washed clean,—
I have many songs to sing you
Could I but find the words.

Was it four o'clock or six o'clock on a winter afternoon,
I saw you wringing out the last shirt in Miss White Lady's kitchen? Was it four o'clock or six o'clock?
I don't remember.

But I know, at seven one spring morning you were on Vermont Street with a bundle in your arms going to wash clothes.
And I know I've seen you in a New York subway train in the late afternoon coming home from washing clothes.

Yes, I know you, wash-woman.
I know how you send your children to school, and high-school, and even college.
I know how you work and help your man when times are hard.
I know how you build your house up from the wash-tub and call it home.
And how you raise your churches from white suds for the service of the Holy God.

And I've seen you singing, wash-woman. Out in the back-yard garden under the apple trees, singing, hanging white clothes on long lines in the sun-shine.
And I've seen you in church a Sunday morning singing, praising your Jesus, because some day you're going to sit on the right hand of the Son of God and forget you ever were a wash-woman. And the aching back and the bundles of clothes will be unremembered then.
Yes, I've seen you singing.

And for you,
O singing wash-woman,
For you, singing little brown woman,
Singing strong black woman,
Singing tall yellow woman,
Arms deep in white suds,
Soul clean,
Clothes clean,—
For you I have many songs to make
Could I but find the words.

U. S. V. HOSPITAL LIBRARY NO. 91, TUSKEGEE, ALA.

SADIE M. PETERSON, LIBRARIAN

THE U. S. V. Hospital Library No. 91 came with the New Year. I arrived on the station January 1, 1924. On January 3, we opened our doors, having just a table and two hundred books.

At first we thought of waiting for Library equipment but, desiring to gain the reading interest of the boys, we began to catalog these few books and issue from the table.

The room was formerly a K. C. Office and men had come in numbers for cigarettes and candy. This was a fine chance to get acquainted with them and learn their likes and dislikes.

Most of the books were Zane Grey, Sax Rhomer or Raine and for the first few days there was a general rush for books. After the supply of candy had diminished the interest waned but was soon revived by listening to the outlines of good stories and patients were inclined to boost a book and pass it on to others.

There seemed no books suitable for mental patients and, yet, this group was soon made happy by a few dilapidated fairy tales, which we borrowed from Tuskegee Institute.

It soon became necessary to move into a larger room and before two weeks had elapsed we were fixed comfortably in another room with adequate space and reading tables, chairs and an office room. The room was made cheerful by plants, flowers, wall maps, bulletins and posters that had their psychological effect.

We began work on the wards by carrying books and magazines to the bed patients in a wire paper carrier and soon the circulation grew so that our first month's report was "275 circulation".

Patients and personnel began to use the Library freely. Sectional cases held the books and a splendid collection had been received from Fort McHenry—animal stories, histories, essays and poetry.

After adding many other things, including a Rand-McNally Atlas, a dictionary and a set of World Books, we could see the increased use of the library. Monthly programs are held in the Library to emphasize any eminent man or woman in literature or to call attention to historical anniversaries.

The list of current literature was carefully considered and such daily papers and magazines were ordered that would impart information desired.

The Library walls are adorned with pictures of eminent Negroes, such as Douglass, Washington, DuBois, Moton —all gifts. Also an autographed photograph of President Coolidge.

This being a Negro Hospital, there is a demand for Negro literature and with our recent order and a few gifts, we have begun a small Negro collection. These books on Race History and traditions are used to a great extent.

Monthly book talks in the wards "put over" the new books and reserves pile high on Van Loon's Story of the Bible, Life and Letters of .Walter Page and Stories by Stevenson.

Next came the Medical Library, which was organized about January 15. A collection was ordered to serve every branch of the profession and we now have seventy-six books and nearly all standard journals.

A book wagon came in April and it has increased reading interest in the wards, because of our greater collection. Each week seems to bring many new library members, among the patients and personnel.

Monthly book talks among the nurses have caused a wider circulation of new nursing books.

I have also instituted weekly "story hour" in the mental wards and this has aroused the interest of the patients and caused them to be more cheerful.

We have received many gifts of magazines and books. The Library now has 4,000 volumes and 85 volumes in the Medical Library.

The average circulation is about 1500 a month; 90% non-fiction, which means that the Library caters to 500 patients and 300 personnel—a total of 800.

A Literary Society has been organized which increases reading interest. This society is called the Disabled Veterans' Literary Society. Its aim is to raise the standard among veterans here and create a cultural atmosphere in the Hospital. Their programs are held in the Library and are devoted to book reviews and discussions of current topics.

A letter from the Bureau states that this is the only Hospital Library having a Literary Society. It also states that the class of reading is higher than that of any Veterans' Hospital Library.

With the growth of the Hospital, the Library will prosper.

Though in the extreme South, we try to bring to these veterans new material, recent current events, popular and helpful reading.

This much we have accomplished in ten months and we have hopes of doing even greater and better work in the future.

The Outer Pocket

Washington, D. C.

JUST to extend my congratulations and appreciation for your happy and unique cover to the October number of THE CRISIS. A MOTHER.

New York, N. Y.

I was much impressed by your penetrating article in the October "American Mercury". I am traveling all the time in the colleges discussing (and opposing) war and race prejudice.

Several days ago at Cornell College, Iowa, I was discussing Race Relations with a small group of faculty and students. At the close of the session, I briefly sketched for them your article and asked how many of them would covet the opportunity of teaching in a Negro college under a Negro president. Two or three of the faculty and six or eight students raised their hands; and they were aware of the implications of that, because you had made them clear in your article.

Continued success to you as you fearlessly point out the obstacles in the way of society's advance. GEORGE L. COLLINS.

Chicago, Illinois.

I notice in the November issue that you have given an evidence of a rather generous attitude towards Mr. Gordon W. Owens. In publishing his letter you have done what many editors refuse to do. The men of the sanctum dislike a scolding critic and communications like the one Mr. Owens sent in are invariably consigned to the waste basket. However it is the part of wisdom to have a forum for the radical.

It very frequently tempers such men to give them an audience and let them give full vent to their views.

Many of this kind have learned that the tactics of the opportunist are eventually more successful than the methods of the doctrinaire.

I have heard Mr. Owens speak in the open forums of Chicago and do believe him to be a sincere friend of all men of whatever race or color.

He may not appreciate at this time the things that have been done by the N. A. A. C. P. for the welfare and protection of the Negroes of the U. S. A., but I am sure that as time mellows his fiery enthusiasm none will be more willing than Mr. Owens to place the laurel wreath upon your brow.

JOHN W. MASKELL.

Boston, Massachusetts.

A slight indisposition has kept me at home for a few days and given me a chance to catch up with my reading. I have devoted some of my time to THE CRISIS and I have derived from it much encouragement. Braithwaite's publication on "The Negro in

Literature", the constantly increasing stream of graduates pouring from schools and colleges whose faces you give us, such victories as that at Tuskegee, the records of successful lives are all signs of steady progress upward. You are doing a great work and your editorials always ring true.

MOORFIELD STOREY.

New York City.

I write to express my opinion that the May issue of THE CRISIS is a very comprehensive and valuable number. I am particularly impressed with the article by Mr. Uphaus, because of its particular as well as general value. If it be not too late, I should be glad to secure 100 copies of this issue to send to special persons, who I think would be interested as well as advantaged.

GEORGE FOSTER PEABODY.

Martinsville, Virginia.

Throughout the length and breadth of our Southern towns many unusual things exist for the sole purpose of operating against the Negro; but to our minds, one of the most flagrant unjustices is the thing we are about to relate: A few years ago, the rulers of our town decided to ask for a free delivery of mail. They therefore sent out numerators throughout the town who not only have taken the names of the white citizenry but colored as well; but when the thing was accomplished, to our (the Negro's) utter dismay, we found that this free delivery was to be confined to and among the whites only. And when asked about it they replied saying: "You cannot have this free mail delivery on account of your bad streets".

Doubts still linger in our minds as to whether or not the Post Office Department at Washington knows this. If so, all we can say is:—"et tu Brute".

N. A. A. C. P.

When in the course of the usual custom, three students were appointed to make addresses before the McCormick Presbyterian Seminary, Chicago, one of them being a Negro, the white student, who tells the story, objected to appearing on the platform, or in the pulpit with the colored student, and so informed Prof. McAfee. The professor was so lacking in courage and Christian backbone, that he yielded to the white student's protest, and did not allow the colored man to do his appointed part. The white student, who is from the South and expects to return there, was very much elated over the surrender by Prof. McAfee. I do not know how to express my feelings on such cowardice on the part of the Faculty in a Presbyterian Theological Seminary. Perhaps you may.

J. H. JOHNSTON.

I have read this book, *The Gift of Black Folk*, very carefully and I can pay it no higher compliment than to say it is the most comprehensive and forcible volume you have written, and I may add that I believe it is the most valuable work you have produced. It is an important contribution to our political history and a timely discussion of the most vital economic and social questions before the American people.

I would not undertake to single out the most interesting chapter of your remarkable book, but I believe I may safely say that your Chapter V, *The Reconstruction of Freedom*, is the most valuable. It shows careful research and presents a statesmanlike discussion of the most vital and portentous phases of the race question in America. This chapter ought to be reprinted in every newspaper and periodical in the United States and it should be published in pamphlet form and copies sent to every school, college and university in this country. The Association with which you are connected could not engage in a more patriotic work, nor one that would be more effective in lifting the Negro question above the baneful influence of partisan, provincial and acrimonious discussion, than an extensive circulation of Chapter V of your book.

W. H. SKAGGS.

I too feel that I should like to touch CRISIS readers, and have them keep in touch with me. And I thank you for this opportunity. Though I have written practically nothing for almost a year, that is, nothing available for immediate publication, yet I feel that the time may soon come when I will. It will surely be sent you. And I hope to see you personally when I return to America, which I expect to do within a month.

JEAN TOOMER.

The Horizon

CARVING IN THE CHAPEL OF ST. BENEDICT THE MOOR, MILWAUKEE

¶ In the Catholic chapel of St. Benedict the Moor, in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, there is a wood carving representing the twenty-two black martyrs of Uganda who were burned alive for their faith in 1886 and were beatified June 6, 1920, by Pope Pius XI. St. Benedict is represented in their midst.

¶ Last commencement the seniors at Howard University published "The Bison" as their graduation annual. It was a profusely illustrated volume of 326 pages, well

EDITORS OF THE "HOWARD REVIEW"

D. W. Woodard St. Elmo Brady D. O. W. Holmes E. E. Just A. L. Locke

printed and tastefully arranged. It cost $3,250.25 and the whole affair was carried out by the students. The seniors themselves contributed $1445 to the cost. Advertisements and write-ups added another $1300 while undergraduates and alumni sent in $500. Everything has been paid and numbers of complimentary copies sent to various prominent persons. Johanna Houston was editor-in-chief of the volume and Frederick Robb business manager.

¶ The *Howard Review*, a scientific quarterly published at Howard University, has been favorably received by many of the greatest institutions in the country. We present pictures of the editorial staff.

¶ Sheadrick B. Turner was born in Louisiana in 1869. He was educated in the public schools and the Illinois College of Law and is a publisher and editor. He has been a member of the 49th, 51st, 52nd and 53rd General Assemblies of Illinois and has just been re-elected to the 54th.

¶ Warren B. Douglas was born in Missouri in 1886, educated in Kansas City, Quindaro and the Chicago Kent College of Law. He served two terms in the Illinois legislature and last November was re-elected at the head of the ticket.

¶ Harry E. Davis was triumphantly re-elected for the third time to membership in the lower house of the Ohio Legislature.

¶ For the first time in the history of the United States, so far as we are aware, a Negro has been elected state senator. This honor has fallen to Adelbert A. Roberts of Chicago who has already served in the lower house of the Illinois Legislature.

¶ The Alpha Phi Alpha Fraternity and the Delta Sigma Theta Sorority held their annual meetings in New York City during the Christmas holidays. Some two thousand members attended.

¶ Wilson Goodwin, for 37 years janitor at the Macon, Georgia, Volunteers Armory (white), was buried with full military honors by the company. More than 2000 whites and Negroes attended the funeral. The picture shows the sounding of taps as the casket is being lowered to its final resting place.

S. B. Turner A. A. Roberts H. E. Davis W. B. Douglas

THE BURIAL OF WILSON GOODWIN, MACON, GEORGIA

A. W. Tate W. L. Bell Lydia Mason Ella M. MacDonald

¶ Arthur W. Tate, an eighteen year old colored boy of South Zanesville, Ohio, has invented an improvement in the transmission of automobiles which was exhibited at a motor meeting in Detroit. It has been purchased by the Chevrolet Motor Car Company. It is said that his royalties this year have already amounted to seven thousand dollars. Tate has been a high-school student, has worked in a garage and uses his fine voice on the Keith Vaudeville Circuit.

¶ William L. Bell is practicing as architect in Somerville and Boston, Massachusetts. He was educated at Atlanta University.

¶ Miss Lydia E. Mason, of New York City, and Miss Ernestine J. Covington, of Houston, Texas, have been granted each a thousand dollar scholarship for the study of music by the Juilliard Musical Foundation of New York City. Miss Mason is a graduate of Fisk University; Miss Covington is a graduate of the musical department of Oberlin. They will study with Olga Samoroff, the noted concert pianist.

¶ Miss Ella Mae MacDonald graduated from the South High School, Cleveland, Ohio. She was the only colored girl in a class of ninety and was one of the sixteen on the honor roll with an average of 92½ per cent.

¶ M. Boisneuf, one of the sturdiest defenders of the black race in the French parliament, has had difficulties in the last elections of Guadeloupe, French West Indies. He was accused of throwing bombs but in reality he was probably opposed by French financial interests. His daughter Mlle. Boisneuf has arrived in Paris to direct her father's defense.

¶ Mrs. Mary J. Bowles is dead at her home, Columbus, Ohio, at the age of seventy. She was the widow of John H. Bowles, late Assistant Statistician in the office of the Ohio Secretary of State, and the mother of Miss Eva D. Bowles of the National Office of the Y. W. C. A.

¶ In Dallas, Texas, the Reverend Charles W. Abington, pastor of St. James A. M. E. Chapel, has not only a church but a factory building employing a hundred people and manufacturing ice cream, candy and toilet articles. His church cost $75,000 and has a $3,000 organ, given to it by S. W. J. Lowery and his mother, colored people. The factory cost $27,000.

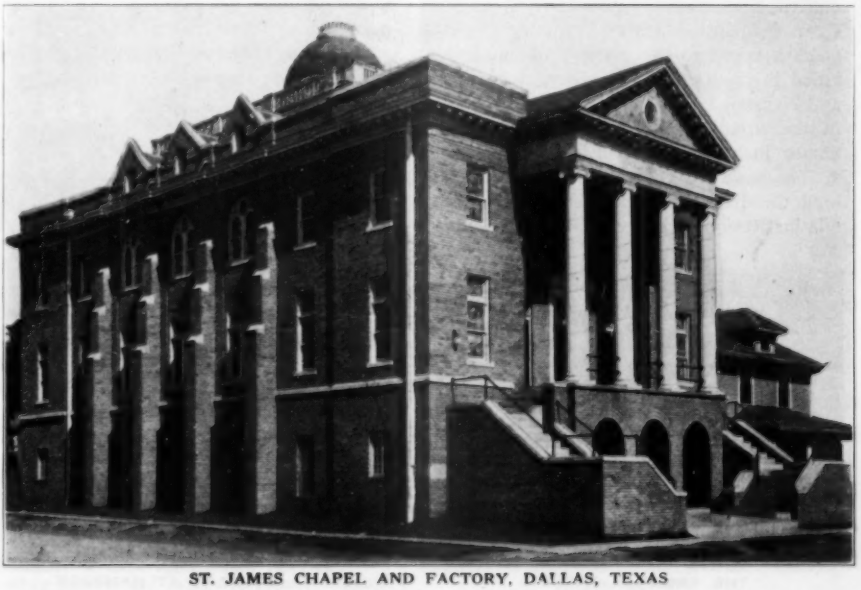
C. W. Abington Mlle. Boisneuf Mrs. Bowles Mr. Daniels

A TUBERCULOSIS CHRISTMAS SEALS CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA

¶ William Henry Fort, Jr., a former CRISIS agent, has entered the college department of Fisk University at the age of thirteen. He lives at Okmulgee, Oklahoma.

¶ Lincoln University, Missouri, has its high school and college departments under separate administration and its men and women in separate departments, each under a dean. Its activities include also schools of agriculture, mechanic arts and home economics. The general administration is under the President and Registrar. The institution was established by colored soldiers of the Civil War and January 14th has been made Founders' Day. There is a military department at the school under the United States government.

¶ In the Olympic games native riflemen of Haiti tied France for second place honors, the American riflemen winning first place.



ST. JAMES CHAPEL AND FACTORY, DALLAS, TEXAS

THE HAITIAN SHARP SHOOTERS

¶ Cleota Collins was the guest artist for the twenty-sixth Sunday Afternoon Recital of the choir of the St. John's Church, Cleveland, Ohio. Gounod's Motet, Gallia, was the feature number of the program. Miss Collins is now giving matinee recitals for children in connection with her artist concerts, an interesting new departure in our musical life.

¶ In the United States Treasury Department a tablet to the memory of employees killed in the Great War segregated whites and Negroes. Spirited protest has resulted in the promise of a new tablet with all names in alphabetical order.

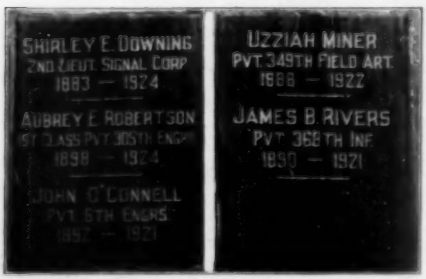
¶ The Cardinal Gibbons Institute for Colored Children has been opened as a Catholic institution at Ridge, St. Mary's County,

GIBBONS INSTITUTE

Maryland. It will receive boys and girls for industrial and elementary work. Mr. Victor Daniels is principal of the school and his wife is matron. The Board of Trustees is composed of colored and white persons.

¶ Mrs. Helen Curtis who has been spending the fall in California has embarked for Liberia where she will assist Bishop Brooks in his school at Monrovia.

¶ Albert B. George, 51 years of age and a lawyer in Chicago, has been elected as one of the municipal judges of the city of Chi-



WHITE COLORED
THE ORIGINAL TABLETS

NORTH AND SOUTH
CAPTAIN AMUNDSEN AND A NIGERIAN STUDENT AT HAMPTON

JUDGE GEORGE

cago. He was born in Washington, D. C., educated in the public schools and the North Western University Law School. The Chicago Bar Association reported him as qualified for the municipal bench, declaring that he had "earned the confidence of the bar and of his clients".

¶ Major Walter H. Loving was born in Virginia in 1872 and educated in the Washington public schools. He studied music, became a private in the 24th United States Infantry and was promoted to chief musician in the 8th United States Voluntary Infantry. Later he was commissioned second lieutenant and went to the Philippines where he organized and was for twenty years director of the celebrated Philippine Constabulary Band. He has just returned from the Philippines and has been retired as an officer in the Reserve Corps. His conduct of the band has been called a unique achievement. "No man in these beautiful islands has done more."

¶ The Mayor of Chicago has appointed Mrs. Fannie Barrier Williams as a member of the Public Library Board of Chicago. She is the first woman of any race to serve on the board and the first appointment of a colored woman to be confirmed by the City Council.

¶ The Afro-American Insurance Company of Jacksonville, Florida, sends out an unusually beautiful booklet with illustrations showing homes and business establishments of colored Jacksonville. There is mentioned a college, a hospital, an industrial training school, churches and public school buildings, a real estate exchange, Masonic, Odd Fellows and Pythian Temples, restaurants, a theatre and bath-house, undertaking establishments, bottling works and many insurance societies including the one that sends out the souvenir.

¶ A dinner to Mrs. Florence Kelley, the well-known leader of the Consumers' League and a member of the board of the N. A. A. C. P., was held at the Hotel Astor, New York City. Seven hundred of the leading social workers of the nation gathered together. The speakers were: Julia C. Lathrop, John Graham Brooks, Jane Addams, Hon. Newton D. Baker, Lillian D. Wald, Dr. W. E. B. DuBois and Grace Abbott.

¶ In 1924 the Independent Order of St. Luke's reported 80,600 members and assets amounting to $394,963. It has paid 11,345 death claims, amounting to $1,147,860. Its headquarters and bank are in Richmond, Virginia, and Mrs. Maggie L. Walker has been Grand Secretary-Treasurer for 25 years.

MAJOR LOVING

National · Association · for · the ... Advancement · of · Colored · People

ANNUAL MEETING

The 14th Annual Meeting of the N. A. A. C. P. will be held on Monday, January 5th, 1925, at 3:00 o'clock at the offices of the N. A. A. C. P., 69 Fifth Avenue. This business session to which all members of the Association are invited will be preceded by a mass meeting, as previously announced, at the Renaissance Casino, 138th Street and Seventh Avenue, New York City, on Sunday, January 4th, at 3:30 P. M.

NEW YORK BENEFIT

Under the auspices of the Committee of One Hundred Women, there was given for the N. A. A. C. P. a delightful benefit on Monday evening, November 10th, at the Happy Rhone Orchestra Club, 143rd Street and Lenox Avenue. The affair was one of the most successful events of its kind ever held and more than four hundred dollars was raised for the N. A. A. C. P. The Orchestra Club was tendered through the courtesy of Messrs. Rhone and Brent and the event was arranged by a number of women of Harlem including Mesdames F. E. Miller, James Weldon Johnson, Robert W. Bagnall, and others.

A great deal was added to the success of the affair through the courtesy of various artists who tendered their services without charge. Among them were Messrs. Sissle and Blake and the Four Harmony Kings of "The Chocolate Dandies", Fletcher Henderson's Roseland Orchestra, Miss Alberta Hunter, Miss Amanda Kemp's Dancing Dolls and Mr. Bill Robinson. The N. A. A. C. P. herewith extends its appreciation to all who helped make the affair so great a success.

THE RESIGNATION OF DR. GEORGE E. CANNON

THAT the general public may be adequately informed about developments connected with the recent election, the N. A. A. C. P. herewith makes public without comment two letters—one dated October 25th signed by Dr. George E. Cannon and addressed to Miss Mary White Ovington, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the N. A. A. C. P., and the other dated November 13th addressed to Dr. Cannon and signed by James Weldon Johnson, Secretary.

"October 25, 1924.

"Dear Miss Ovington:

"After careful consideration, I hereby tender my resignation as a member of the Executive Board of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, for the following reasons:—

"1. The abandonment of the wise non-partisan policy of the Association for one of bitter partisan attitude, does not meet my approval.

"2. For some time past, the slogan of the Association has been, 'Put the interest of the race above party', and yet when a race man is nominated for Congress as Dr. Chas. H. Roberts of New York has been right at the door of the National Headquarters, the Association lays down on the job so far as active support is concerned.

"3. The release sent out during the New Jersey Senatorial primary campaign, charging falsely that Senator Walter E. Edge of New Jersey did not support the Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill when it was before the Senate in 1922, has never been satisfactorily explained, although a half hearted apology was made when the Association was confronted with the Congressional Record and the records of the Association itself, proving that Senator Edge did support the Anti-Lynching Bill.

"4. The present activities of those who control the Association, endeavoring to lead the Negro into the meshes of the democratic and so-called progressive or socialist parties, do not meet with my approval; and I think I voice the sentiment of thousands of members of the Association.

"5. The open hostility of the officials of

the Association towards President Coolidge and the republican party virtually makes the Association an anti-republican organization and a pro-democratic and socialist organization. To this program, I cannot subscribe. As a Delegate at Large from the State of New Jersey, I helped to nominate President Coolidge, and I believe his election will mean more to the Negro than the election of anyone else. His nomination and fight for the confirmation of Walter Cohen, his endorsement of a colored personnel at the Veterans Hospital at Tuskegee and his endorsement of Dr. Chas. H. Roberts' candidacy for Congress outweigh all the promises made by Davis and LaFollette.

"Personally, my relations with the members of the Board have been pleasant, and I regard them highly; however, I cannot endorse the Association's political hostility towards President Coolidge and espousing the cause of Davis and LaFollette. In becoming a partisan organization, I fear the Association has reached the parting of the ways.

Yours truly,
(Signed) GEO. E. CANNON.
"November 13, 1924."

"My Dear Dr. Cannon:

"The contents of your letter of resignation as a member of the Board of Directors of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People are explainable only by the use you made of the letter, and the use you made of it was purely one for political effect. You gave your letter out to the press a few days before election and before it could be presented to the Board, demonstrating that it was made public, even if not written, for political effect.

"Your letter was dated October 25, and in it you give as your first reason for resigning your disapproal of 'the abandonment of the wise non-partisan policy of the Association for one of bitter partisan attitude'. Were you on the outside there might have been some excuse for accepting such a misapprehension of the Association's activities, but you were a member of the Board of Directors and had every facility for knowing it to be untrue. Furthermore, it seems that as one interested in the highest good of the organization it would have been your first duty to place your advice or protest on the matter before the Board, instead of resigning and simultaneously using your resignation in a way calculated to injure the Association. You were at the Philadelphia Conference and you were present at the meeting of the Board of Directors on October 14; yet you have never brought to the attention of the Board the matters which you charge in your letter of resignation.

"You stated in your letter that the Association was endeavoring to lead the Negro into the meshes of the 'Democratic and so-called Progressive or Socialist parties'. For one organization to lead the Negro into so many parties at one time would be a somewhat complicated job, but your statement is an adoption of the misstatement so generally made during the campaign that the N. A. A. C. P. had endorsed the Third Party and was actively engaged in furthering its campaign. Some of those whose political allegiances and opinions are bought and paid for went so far as to spread the report that the N. A. A. C. P. was soliciting money for anti-lynching and spending it in the interest of the Third Party.

"The N. A. A. C. P. did believe and still believes that a strong and progressive Third Party which could contest political power with the two older parties would contribute greatly to the political salvation of the Negro.

"The N. A. A. C. P., however, did not endorse the Third Party or any other party. It did seek to get the Third Party to make certain statements just as it sought to have statements made by the Republican and Democratic Parties and it did finally succeed in having Senator La Follette make an utterance on several matters of vital interest to the Negro. But the Association absolutely maintained its non-partisanship. The National Office in maintaining the non-partisanship of the Association declined even to allow a folder against the Ku Klux Klan, gotten out by the Third Party, to go out as an enclosure from our office, as the following telegram sent to the La Follette Headquarters in Washington on October 17 will show:

'Received letter. Sorry, but we cannot distribute partisan campaign material.
James W. Johnson.'

"Some may cite that individual members

of the Board and of the executive staff declared their political preferences. The National Association does not presume to limit its officers in their prerogatives as individual citizens. A set of officers who could be so muzzled would not have the qualifications which the work demands. The Board of Directors and staff are made up of persons who belong to various parties, and the great majority are Republicans.

"As to the charge you make concerning the Association's attitude toward Dr. Charles H. Roberts, candidate for Congress from the Twenty-first District, New York, it might have been well for you first to have inquired if Dr. Roberts really wanted the active and open support of the Association. The Association offered Dr. Roberts the courtesy of its press service as a means for speaking to the citizens of his district and of New York and the whole country. After a delay of nearly two weeks we received an adroitly worded but rather evasive letter signed by Dr. Roberts declining our offer, which precluded any other efforts the National Office might have been able to make in Dr. Roberts' behalf.

"With regard to Senator Edge, the two releases sent out by the National Office fully covered the facts in the case. The first release, sent out August 8, 1924, referred to the effort made to get the Anti-Lynching Bill up and passed in the Senate on September 21, 1922, at which time the Bill could have been passed if the full majority of Republican senators had been present and stood behind it. This release stated the fact that Senator Edge at that time was among the Republican senators who did not answer to their names on the roll call. The second release, sent out August 15, 1924, stated that when the Bill was again brought up shortly before adjournment, and when the organized filibuster of the Southern Democrats was launched, Senator Edge was present and 'supported the Bill in such votes as were taken' and that he also 'made a spirited speech in support of the Bill'. This release ended by stating, 'We are glad, in justice to Senator Edge, to make this statement public'. If the first release was in the slightest degree unfair to Senator Edge, the second release made amends and was gotten out with the utmost promptness possible.

"The N. A. A. C. P. has maintained and will always maintain a strictly non-partisan attitude, but that does not mean it will sit idly by with folded hands and sealed lips while the struggle for a square deal for the Negro in politics is going on. The N. A. A. C. P. will continue to take a hand in that struggle until it is won. If any party gets hit in that struggle, so much the worse for that party. We believe the surest method of winning is for the Negro to reach the point where his vote will be influenced only by the best interest of his race coupled with the best interests of his country, instead of by mere party labels and appeals to mere sentimentality. In this I believe the great majority of thinking Negroes are with us. We shall, of course, expect disagreement from those who are under political obligations and those whose political judgment has been paid for, and those who expect to be paid. We shall not be in the least surprised if these latter classes launch a campaign of misrepresentation against the Association with the hope of undermining its influence and power.

"The sort of intelligent political action we are aiming for is that which was taken in the election just past by the thinking colored citizens of Texas. There the thinking colored citizens organized a campaign for votes for Coolidge, the Republican nominee for President, and for Mrs. Ferguson, Democratic Nominee for Governor. They campaigned and voted for Mrs. Ferguson because George C. Butte, the Republican nominee for Governor, was supported by the Ku Klux Klan and had declared himself in favor of white supremacy. In taking this action the colored people of Texas merely followed political common sense.

"Neither as Secretary of the Association, executing the official policy of the Board of Directors and the organization, nor even as an individual, have I campaigned for any party. I have criticised all parties regarding their attitude toward colored American citizens, both on the platform and by letter, as our files can show. As Secretary of the Association, I shall always feel it one of my duties to speak out frankly and without fear against any party, or any policy, or any interest, when it is necessary to do so in behalf of the highest good of the race. It is the fearlessness and the independence of the N. A. A. C. P. that make it of greatest service to the race.

(Signed) "JAMES WELDON JOHNSON."

BABY CONTESTS

HERE are children from all over the world. To the left is Frank Lampton Webb of Chicago, beneath him is Christabel Elizabeth Hamilton of Khartoum, Africa; beneath and to the left are the children of Mrs. M. C. Allen, Lynchburg, Virginia, and to the right the six Tobia children of Omdurman, Sudan, Africa. We have pictured all these little friends of ours to remind our readers of the National Baby Contest of the N. A. A. C. P.

In Florida, Indiana, Kentucky, Minnesota, Missouri, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Nebraska, Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, Oklahoma, Rhode Island, West Virginia and Utah, the babies have occupied the center of the stage in contests and raised for the work of the Association around $9,409, of which $4,741 has been sent to the National Office.

In addition to the Local contests, at this time the National Office is conducting a National Baby Contest in which city is pitted against city.

The National Office will be glad to furnish information to any branch interested in holding a Baby Contest.

The Looking Glass

LITERATURE

ILLUSION

God and I alone in space,
And nobody else in view;
And: "Where are the people, O Lord?" I said,
"And the earth below and the sky o'erhead,
And the dead whom once I knew?"

"That was a dream," God smiled and said,
"A dream that seemed to be true;
There were no people, living or dead,
There was no earth, and no sky o'erhead,
There was only Myself and you."

"And why do I feel no fear?" I said,
"Meeting you here, this way?
For I have sinned, I know full well;
And where is Heaven, and where is Hell?
And is this the Judgment Day?"

"These were but dreams," the Great God said,
"Dreams that have ceased to be;
There are no such things as fear or sin,
There is no you—you never have been;
There is nothing at all but Me."

—From Annie Besant's Commonweal,
India, 1914.

The Russell Sage Foundation has been studying unemployment for five years and has recently sent out a part of the report which deals with employment opportunities for colored people which says, among other things:

"If a colored man with good training and ability is held down to a common laborer's job because of prejudice, he, industry, and the community all suffer an economic loss."

The report declares that Southern states, in an effort to restrict the emigration of colored labor to the North, are through legislation and license fees making it increasingly difficult, and in some states impossible, for private agencies to send workers out of the state. There are numerous instances, also, says the report, "of the efforts of citizens to prevent the recruiting of colored people for work in other localities or states, some of these even going so far as threats of violence to the recruiting agent". This opposition can be removed through intelligent operation of public employment bureaus, whose object is adjustment, not mere shifting of men, and whose tendency is to place workers as near home as possible.

That race prejudice has handicapped the colored worker by limiting his choice of occupation is recognized by the Foundation's investigators. "The first step in reducing this race prejudice," says the report, "is a knowledge of the facts regarding the requirements of particular jobs and the ability of individual workers. When the specific qualifications of a worker are known—what he can do and how well he can do it—it is possible for an employment office to recommend him for a particular job. What is needed is intelligent and persistent educational work among employers as to the suitability of colored workers for certain kinds of work—many more kinds than have heretofore been acknowledged—and their capacity for discharging new responsibilities not only to the advantage of employer and workman but also to the advantage of the community as a whole and of our developing industrial life."

The Commission on Race Relations of the National Conference on the Christian Way of Life has issued a book entitled "And Who Is My Neighbor?" It is written in the form of a case book with actual problems of race contact and takes up a problem which is thus candidly stated:

Not only the young folks but many of the older people also are perplexed about their duty in matters such as these. If all these different people who have come into the town—Jews and Negroes and Orientals and Russians and what not—are to be treated according to their individual worth, how can they be prevented from invading the best streets, perhaps marrying into the best families, from getting hold of the best businesses, perhaps even running the elections? Is it a religious duty on occasion to sit down at table with people of dark skin? Should Jeff be helped to finished his high school course and perhaps get stuck up and spoiled for work fit for a "nigger"? Is there nothing in good breeding? Is there nothing of permanent value in the white civilization our fathers have built up with so much sacrifice? Must we not preserve it at all hazards, teach hatred for those races that threaten it?

Some look to the church for answers to such questions as these. The church itself is in a dilemma. There is no doubt about the directness and completeness of the teaching, thou shalt love thy neighbor. But social life has become pretty complicated since that command was given; and its application is by no means clear. Courses of action that perhaps were simple enough in Biblical times would carry with them quite different

consequences today. The good Samaritan, for example, would he not be ostracized today by his own people if he acted as told in the parable, and lose all his influence for good? Would the inn-keeper permit him to put up his injured friend? Would not the more radical of his friends berate the Samaritan for dealing superficially with an individual case instead of tackling a big situation—would they not say that he had done nothing to make the Jericho road safe?

It is a most stimulating and, in some respects, amazing book which should be in the hands of all honest students of racial contact. The author is Bruno Lasker.

THE WORLD AND US

THE spoliation of Egypt by Great Britain is the most discouraging act since the World War. Because of a cruel murder, Austria set the whole world on fire; because of ignorant assassinations in China, Germany started the overthrow of Chinese government and civilization; and now because of the murder of an English official Great Britain has stolen a million square miles, six million people, with a government revenue of twenty millions of dollars and with industrial opportunities and monopolies worth hundreds of millions of dollars; and not a single effective human organization dare protest because the English actual domination of the world today outreaches anything that Germany aspired to in 1914.

Publicity of the facts concerning taxation is one of the first and absolutely necessary steps towards any kind of economic and social reform. Taxation is not private business, it is public business. Income is not a thing that should be concealed, it ought to be known by everybody. Every person helps to make each person's income and in a true industrial democracy will have a voice in its size.

Some of the stars may be inhabited. For years scientists doubted if there had been time enough for planets supporting life to have been thrown off by the great fixed stars; but now with Einstein's epoch-making theories it is admitted that the universe may be full of life and ours here but one little dot therein.

All the people who are hoping for the continuance of things as they are, because present arrangements are pleasant to them, regard the late election as a reason for stopping all agitation toward reform. They are very wrong. The late election was an emphasized reason for the forward striving of thinking men.

WHITE SUPREMACY

Indianapolis, Indiana.

"IF the matter of which I am about to speak were local only in its scope, I would not take your very valuable time to ask you to look into it, but under a nom de plume, having found that it is to be a Nation-wide fight for white supremacy, and that already, from the wives of Presidents of the United States on down, the public is being sounded on the matter, I thought that it was high time that we also get together.

"You may not know it, but this being the city of my nativity I have had a splendid chance to see the various changes enacted here and can truthfully say that due to just such evil minds as this woman has revealed, this city, the capital of the state, has as much prejudice as most any Southern town that you could name. And attempts are made upon the lives and homes of law-abiding citizens.

"After reading over this little sheet, which was given to me by a well-wisher of the race, I sought to get the rest which I was sure she would not publish, and I did. I tell you truthfully, Dr. DuBois, I would be afraid to sleep if I had the bitterness in my soul against any race as this woman has against mine. In her own words 'we must keep our WHITE dollars in our pockets in our fight to starve, freeze and drive out the Negro, until he gets on his knees and crawls to us, and we will then give out what charity we wish to him'. I could give you many more of her fiendish utterances, but this constitution is enough, if published and spread broadcast over the land to show us what we are to do to combat this baleful influence.

"You need not mention my name in the matter, but in an unobtrusive manner I will gather all the information here on the scene and let it come from there. I say this because in her conversation to me over phone, she spoke of a certain 'Nigger organization, known as the N. A. A. C. P., that gets everything' and I want that 'organiza-

tion' which she is anxious to keep uninformed to have the pleasure of exposing her plans". The following are the documents enclosed:

THE WHITE SUPREMACY LEAGUE

The White Supremacy League was founded by Daisydean Deeds (Mrs. Otto Jay Deeds) in Indianapolis, Indiana, July 5th, 1922. [248 West Maple Road Boulevard, telephone Washington, 1343.]

Imbued with disgust at the rising odium of Negro equality with the whites, caused largely by the unscrupulous politician attempting to raise the Negro to a social-political equality with the White race, solely for the purpose of winning political victories, there unfolded to her mind a method to combat this unnatural and unwholesome association, which is so contrary to the civilized laws of decency, and the result was the founding of The White Supremacy League.

Her aim throughout has been to stimulate thought on the part of the White race, and to supply sufficient aid, without conflict with mandatory justice, to inspire a discreet observance of the ethical torch of propriety that will stand unalterably for the resolute ascension and maintenance of the *Supremacy* of the *White Race.*

Adopted at the city of Indianapolis, Indiana, U. S. A., July 5th, 1922.

CONSTITUTION

This organization shall be called *The White Supremacy League.*

The object of this League shall be to uphold and maintain the *supremacy* of the *White* race, and to this end organized bodies shall be established throughout the United States by persons solely of *White* blood who will resolutely and unalterably work for the perpetuation and maintenance of the *Supremacy* of the *White* race as follows:

1. The *Supremacy* of the *White* race in all governmental offices, both elective and appointive.
2. To favor separate schools for the White and black races.
3. To favor segregation of the White and black races socially.
4. To be opposed to political association of the White and black races.
5. To isolate the White associates of the Negro.

AFRICA

NO effort has been made by the Union of South Africa to encourage immigration. The Labor party, which is a considerable political factor, and the Dutch heretofore have opposed every proposal designed to attract settlers from other lands. In 1913 there was a falling off in the white population there. From 1918 to 1922 the total immigration to South Africa was less than 60,000. The native population increases fast.—Buffalo, N. Y., *News.*

Those who laugh at Negroes and others who talk of a future "United States of Africa" are due for a rude awakening. African domination of Africa is steadily on the way.

Nature is doing it.

Briton and Boer, German and Portuguese, have spent blood and treasure in successive efforts to make South Africa "a white man's country". Dutch farmers with smooth bore guns pushed Cape boys and Zulus north of the Tugela and the Modder rivers. The Briton pushed the Boer north of the Vaal and after two bloody wars took the Transvaal and the Orange Free State away from the Boers. Further and further north the black man has been driven by shell and machine gun and the hardy camel corps. But back comes the black man to work on the white man's fields or in the white man's mines, while sun and soil eat out the white man's heart and kill him off faster than the big Southampton liners bring him in "to boom the White Man's Africa".

The influenza epidemic of 1918 took 500,000 native lives in the Dominion of South Africa. Census Director Cousins omits the white mortality during that terrible season of death. He admits, however, that a "White South Africa" is a dissipated dream. He tells the world:

"The European race can only hold its own numerically in South Africa by seeking accessions from abroad. Failing this it must forever abandon the prospect of maintaining a white civilization except as a proportionately diminishing minority in face of an increasing and ultimately overwhelming majority. It may then be forced to abandon its domination or even abandon the country."—N. Y. *Bulletin.*

LABOR IN TEXAS

BY the terms of the new wharf labor agreement, completed Friday, an equal number of white men and Negroes will hereafter be employed in loading and unloading ships at Galveston, Texas City and Houston. Speaking for Galveston, the agreement is of greater moment than might appear on the surface. It applies a timely corrective to a condition that probably would have grown more unsatisfactory if allowed to continue unregulated. As *The News* understands it, the readjustment was dictated more in the interest of the general public than of the master stevedores. No question of relative efficiency was involved. It was simply a matter of bringing about an equitable distribution of the enormous pay roll controlled by employers of wharf labor. So important is this source of local income, compared with Galveston's population, that it reaches back into every channel of retail trade. The general consequences of the new arrangement are too well understood to require detailed discussion. For the past several years, about 65 per cent of longshore labor has been done by Negroes.

Several complications have heretofore stood in the way of this realignment. That they have at last been overcome is no small

tribute to the fairness of all parties concerned in the negotiations. Both the Negro and the white locals were called upon to make concessions. For the *Negroes* it required a surrender of about 15 per cent. The white unions gave up the distinction they have hitherto drawn between the loading of cotton and other classes of freight. That was primarily a concession to the employers. It simplifies the conduct of stevedoring operations since the same local will hereafter handle cotton and other cargo. The number of locals has been reduced from four to two.

It should be a source of gratification that relations between employers and employes are sufficiently cordial to permit a readjustment of this scope to be brought about without friction and with no interruption of work.—Galveston, Texas, *News*.

MISCELLANEOUS

WHILE we recognize the fact of segregation as set forth in laws regulating certain phases of our lives, we feel that absolute segregation is impossible; that, since white people and colored people are to live together here in Louisville, certain forms of contact and association are in the nature of the case absolutely necessary. White and colored people must meet on the streets, in the street cars, in public and business places. We regard the use of the public parks of the city of Louisville as coming under this head and believe that it would be as reasonable to require white people to occupy one side of the street and colored people the other, or to have separate entrances into our public buildings and business houses as to have separate parks for our white and colored people. Such use of the parks by colored people as has been in vogue for fifty years and more in no way involves any kind of social contact.

It is our conviction that race bitterness and outbreaks are due in the main not to too much but to too little contact between the races. This lack of contact creates misunderstandings and encourages prejudice which reasonable and nominal contact would very largely make impossible. It is our conviction that our race problems will never be solved by yielding to unreasonable prejudice of any particular race or group. Such yielding does not satisfy but creates a demand for further yielding. A firm recognition of the rights and needs of each racial group would, it seems to us, fix the limit in this matter.—Letter of Colored Committee in Louisville *Courier-Journal*.

* * *

Colored residents of the city will be allowed to bathe in the city swimming pools, according to a motion adopted at a special meeting of the City Council yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. Poston, Ernest Walker and Richard Cross, representing a delegation of colored people, appeared before the council, protesting against the order barring them from the swimming pools.

"We are taxpayers in the city and naturally feel any discrimination keenly. We are law abiding citizens, our children sit in the public schools and we are allowed all privileges accorded to other taxpayers. Why may we not use the civic pools?" was the gist of their complaint.

Alderman Rice Sheppard pointed out that there was no discrimination against the colored folk as regards fighting alongside our own boys in France; neither was there any discrimination when it came to collecting taxes.

. . . . . .

A motion was made that the original order be rescinded and this carried with a good majority.—The *Edmonton Bulletin*, Alberta, Canada.

The fact has often been commented upon that the Christian sects show a good deal more concern about the conversion of heathen in distant lands than for the saving of unbelieving souls close by. In Los Angeles the occupancy by Negroes of a Brethren church which formerly had a white congregation is regarded by other nearby churches as a calamity, and a local Methodist Sunday school is sending out to white residents a call for help to save it if possible from the same fate. A *Truth Seeker* correspondent puts it in this way: "The same conditions are troubling the Methodist people who are so much concerned about the souls of the poor Negroes in Africa." Why is not the soul of a Negro in America as well worth saving and sacrificing for as one found in the "native jungles"? In choosing members of the company of saints in heaven, we should suppose that those improved by contact with civilization would be preferred.—*The Truth Seeker*.

* * *

A clergyman who belongs to the Ku Klux Klan has exposed the real objects of the K. K. K. in the New York *World*. He cites numbers of speeches made to klansmen in various parts of the United States. One which is quoted is typical:

It was estimated that there were at least 500 Klansmen, all masked, at that meeting. One speaker, after showing at length how the Pope of Rome controlled the politics of America, how the Jews had cornered all the money and how the Negroes had taken all the good jobs, ended by saying: "Back to Jerusalem with the Jews, back to Africa with the Negroes, and to hell with the Catholics!"

The Ku Klux Klan has for its chief and foremost object the annihilation of the Negro race in America; but for the sake of policy it is trying temporarily to bribe and flatter ignorant Negroes while it fights Jews and Catholics.

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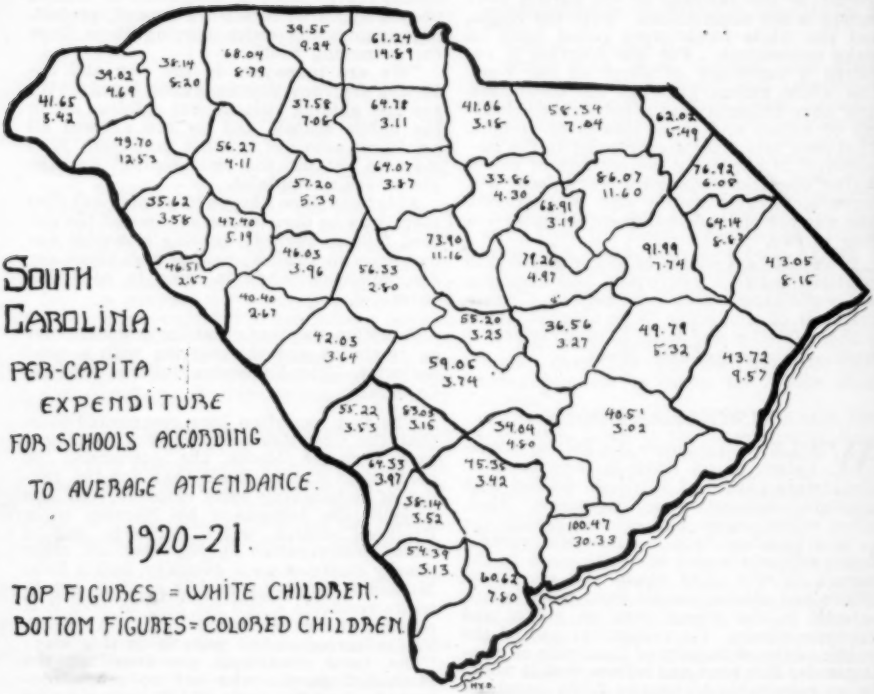

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RAIN

YOLANDE DUBOIS

IT is morning in Tennessee, and the mist melts into a silent rain, spreading like a curtain across the hills. It is October and the country side is glorious in crimson and gold. Time goes slowly in our valley and it seems as if the year, loathe to leave this peace, lingers on the slopes in its most splendid array before passing beyond the purple distances. The fields show streaks of brown across their green reaches, and up in the hills the masses of trees and foliage break forth into a wild riot of gleaming yellows, deep crimsons and golden browns, against the sombre background of the evergreens. Beyond, the more distant hills blend their colors into the delicate shadows of orchid and lavender, touched here and there with dull gold, and at last disappearing into the changing grays of the sky. And now and then through the cloudrifts comes the glimmer of a stray shaft of sunlight turning the shower to drops of crystalline light. It is raining—it is autumn, but there is no sadness here, for in the east the sky is blue and the rain that falls in Tennessee is tender as a prayer.